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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Voyages of Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

THIS work will appear in the course of the ensuing month; and, from what we have seen of it, we are persuaded it will give Mr. Washington Irving a prodigious increase of fame. The novelty of fact exhibited, in treating a subject popularly conceived of as trite and exhausted, will command wonder,—only to be explained by the circumstances which have given the author access to public as well as private archives hitherto “a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.” The chaste and nervous elegance of the style, and the liberal and truly philosophical cast of thought and sentiment, are what no one need be surprised with, who has read some of his previous writings: but this performance is every way a more elaborate one than any of those, and of higher pretensions,—pretensions which we have no doubt the world will pronounce to be justified in the result. To throw an air of total novelty on a theme of ancient interest,—to write a history, where previously there had been only “*mémoires pour servir*,”—such has been our American countryman’s proud attempt; and with unmixed pleasure do we contemplate the fruit of his long and arduous labours.

We shall hereafter enter into some critical examination of this great work; but for the present content ourselves and gratify our readers with a few extracts.

Mr. Irving draws the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella, the royal patrons under whose auspices the great admiral at length was enabled to realise his immortal scheme, in the following terms: the passage, of itself, would shew that he is entitled to a place among our historic classics.

“The time when Columbus first sought his fortunes in Spain coincided with one of the most brilliant periods of the Spanish monarchy. The union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, had consolidated the Christian power in the Peninsula, and put an end to those internal feuds which had so long distracted the country, and ensured the domination of the Moors. The whole force of united Spain was now exerted in the chivalrous enterprise of the Moorish conquest. The Moors, who had once spread over the whole country like an inundation, were now pent up within the mountain boundaries of the kingdom of Granada. The victorious armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were continually advancing, and pressing this fierce people within narrower limits. Under these sovereigns, the various petty kingdoms of Spain began to feel and act as one nation, and to rise to eminence in arts as well as arms. Ferdinand and Isabella, it has been remarked, lived together not like man and wife, whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to

sovereignty, in virtue of their respective kingdoms; they had separate councils, and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon. Ferdinand was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect, and majestic. He had a clear, serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and like his hair, of a bright chestnut; his eyes were clear and animated; his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war; his mouth moderate, well-formed, and gracious in its expression; his teeth white, though small and irregular; his voice sharp; his speech quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive; his judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in his temper, devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business, that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working. He was a great observer and judge of men, and unparalleled in the science of the cabinet. Such is the picture given of him by the Spanish historians of his time. It has been added, however, that he had more of bigotry than religion; that his ambition was craving rather than magnanimous; that he made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion; and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy, the pious; in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious. While giving his picture, it may not be deemed impertinent to sketch the fortunes of a monarch whose policy had such an effect upon the history of Columbus and the destinies of the New World. Success attended all his measures. Though a younger son, he had ascended the throne of Arragon by inheritance; Castile he obtained by marriage; Granada and Naples by conquest; and he seized upon Navarre as appertaining to any one who could take possession of it, when Pope Julius II. excommunicated its sovereigns, Juan and Catalina, and gave their throne to the first occupant. He sent his forces into Africa, and subjugated, or reduced to vassalage, Tunis, and Tripoli, and Algiers, and most of the Barbary powers. A new world was also given to him, without cost, by the discoveries of Columbus; for the expense of the enterprise was borne exclusively by his consort Isabella. He had three objects at heart from the commencement of his reign, which he pursued with bigoted and persecuting zeal—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of

the Inquisition in his dominions. He accomplished them all; and was rewarded by Pope Innocent VIII. with the appellation of Most Catholic Majesty—a title which his successors have tenaciously retained.—Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression; and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike counsels of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and, in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy. It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ill engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and, while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost blinded in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition,—though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge; she fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of

presses in every part of the kingdom ; books were admitted free of all duty ; and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age. It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realise the idea of guardian angels, appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal ; and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella."

The events of the day and night preceding Columbus's first sight of the new world have heretofore kindled the imagination of more than one great poet. The prose narrative of Irving will hereafter kindle the coldest spirit.

"The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crew augmented. The favourable signs which had increased his confidence were now derided by them as delusive ; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realising the object of all his labours. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them, should their provision fail ? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made ; but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse which already divided them from land, how should they ever be able to return, having no port where they might victual and refit ? In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in the retired parts of the ship, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining together and strengthening each other in mutinous opposition to the admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado, who in a mad fantasy had determined to do something extravagant to render himself notorious. What to him were their sufferings and dangers, when he was evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction ? To continue on, in such a mad expedition, was to become the authors of their own destruction. What obligation bound them to persist ? or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled ? They had already sailed far beyond the limits that man had ventured before ; they had penetrated into remote seas untraversed by a sail. How much further were they to go in quest of a mere imaginary land ? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible ? Who, on the other hand, would blame them, were they to consult their safety, and turn their course homeward before it was yet too late ? Would they not rather be extolled for their courage in having undertaken a similar enterprise, and their hardihood in persisting in it so far ? As to any complaints which the admiral might make of their returning against his will, they would be without weight ; for he was a foreigner, a man without friends or influence. His schemes had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and had been discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had, therefore, no party on his side ; but rather a large number whose pride of opinion would be gratified by

his failure. Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for an open opposition to the prosecution of the voyage ; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish character, impatient of control, and the peculiar nature of these crews, composed in a great part of men sailing on compulsion, we may easily imagine the constant danger there was of open and desperate rebellion. Some there were who did not scruple at the most atrocious instigations. They proposed, as a mode of silencing all after complaints of the admiral, that, should he refuse to turn back, they should throw him into the sea, and give out, on their arrival in Spain, that he had fallen overboard while contemplating the stars and the signs of the heavens with his astronomical instruments,—a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert. Columbus was not ignorant of these mutinous intentions ; but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of the others, and openly menacing the most refractory with signal punishment, should they do any thing to impede the voyage."

After narrating the troubled incidents of another week of anxious and jealous suspense, the historian thus gives the long-looked-for consummation of his hero's hopes.

"On the morning of the 7th of October, at sun-rise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward : the Niña, however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the promised land had again melted into air. The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement, when new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighbouring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango ; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-south-west, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiring to his followers generally. For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went, the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colours, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the south-west, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny-fish played about the smooth sea ; and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by the ships was fresh and green, as if recently from land ; and the air, Columbus observes, was

sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville. All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction ; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards ; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur ; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies ; and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise. Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish, of a kind which keeps about rocks ; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them ; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation ; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land. In the evening, when, according to inviolable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *solve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorised such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night ; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns. The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether

it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited. They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself. It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendours of oriental civilisation. It was on the morning of Friday, 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked; and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Jaíez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters

F. and I., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Isabel, surmounted by crowns. As they approached the shores, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue, but unknown kind, growing among the trees which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands, give them a wonderful beauty, and must have had their effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land, than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and vice-roy representing the persons of the sovereigns. The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favourites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral in their overflowing zeal. Some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched as it were at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort; the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentle-

ness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strange and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies."

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life.
Third Series. 3 vols. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

IT is with sincere regret we mention that the severe indisposition of the author of these most amusing and acceptable Sketches has prevented the present (the third) series from being published at the time advertised. Hoping and anticipating, however, that Mr. Hook's health will be sufficiently restored to enable him to put the finishing touch (and it is only a very slight one that is required) to his last volume before our *Gazette* appears in another No., we avail ourselves of the possession of the first tale, which occupies a volume and a half, to offer our readers a taste of it, as an attractive novelty in our present sheet.

Cousin William, for such is its title, is a story told in a very different style from any of Mr. Hook's former productions. It is a highly interesting and connected narrative; and not of that light and playful genius which skimmed through the follies and peculiarities of the age, lighting on them, as the bee does on flowers, to linger a moment and extract a something from each, to enliven the humming and enrich the treasured hive. But though we say this, it is not to be supposed that the author's constitutional gaiety and pleasantries are banished from *Cousin William*; on the contrary, his sallies are most agreeably interspersed with the pathos and tragic working of the events; and in none of his preceding performances have we met with more apposite remarks on life and manners, more genuine scenes of existing follies, better-drawn portraits, or more striking incidents. The character of the heroine is particularly forcible, and we are of opinion that great pains have been bestowed upon its development; "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." — The father and mother are also admirable in their way; they have studied Buchan's Domestic Medicine till they imagine they are afflicted with every disease that flesh is heir to; and their ailments and their quackery are irresistible. *Cousin William* is portrayed with painful fidelity; but indeed all the parts belong to an original and very finished school of painting, — and Sir Mark Terrington, Flora Ormsby, Lord Leatherhead, the confidante Davis, the Shillito family, &c. &c. do honour to the skill of the master who designed them.

We are seldom induced, even after works of fiction have been long out, to transgress a tacit compact we have made with our dearest and fairest readers, not to rob them of a *dénouement* by any details of plot and finale; and we would not commit so unhandsome an offence when we are, as now, alone, in the secret, behind the curtain. A few selections must say for us why we are so decidedly the eulogists of *Cousin William*, the first tale of the third series, in three volumes of *Sayings and Doings*, or *Sketches from Life*, by Theodore Hook, Esq., one of the most accomplished social companions, one of the most acute observers of men and things, and one of the most piquant writers of

the day upon which our existence has been thrown.

The story commences with the following dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Crosby:

"Camomile tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please," said Mr. Crosby: "I have had five pints of water-gruel since bed-time: I cannot bear any more." "Just as you choose, my angel," said Mrs. Crosby. "Caroline, dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour: your papa is going down." Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate. "I'll take a little ether," said Mr. Crosby, "before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby." "Indeed, my life!" said the lady. "I can assure you I have not suffered a little myself; an attack of my old peripneumony did not meliorate the pains of my lumbago. Nor am I quite easy about my erysipelas." "Come, dearest," said the invalid husband, "lend me your arm—ring for Richards to put the pillows in my chair—bring down the book, and let us see what's to be done next." And in this order of march proceeded Mr. and Mrs. Crosby to the breakfast parlour, which had been previously hermetically sealed, by the assiduity of Caroline. It was July, the tea-urn steamed upon the table, the room had a southern aspect, and the sun shone full into it—Mr. Crosby had just taken ether, and his lady had just been rubbed with Steer's opodelco. Caroline proceeded to do duty at the breakfast table. "Oh," said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down, "what a sudden pain at the back of my head!" "Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Crosby, "at the back of your head, my life—a leading symptom of apoplectic tendency." "And my feet are cold, hot as the weather is," continued Mr. Crosby. "When the extremities are chilled, Caroline," muttered Mrs. Crosby to her daughter-in-law, "the book says death is approaching." "Yes," said Caroline, half smiling, "towards the end of a long and wearing disorder; but not surely in papa's state of health." "Health, child!" exclaimed Mr. Crosby; "why, neither that suffering angel nor myself have had half an hour's health since—since—" "Since," interrupted Caroline, "you have devoted yourselves to the study of Dr. Buchan: indeed, indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large." "Tis an admirable book, child," said Mrs. Crosby; "and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, it has saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians." "And has cost you thousands, which you have paid to the apothecaries," said Caroline. "Only hear what cousin William says about it." "Who quotes me?" exclaimed cousin William, opening the door. "I," said Caroline, and her bright eyes sparkled, as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance; "upon the old subject of that odious book." "What?" said the young guardsman, "making fresh war upon the *Buchaneers*?"

Sir Mark Terrington is brought forward as a suitor to the fair Caroline, whose partiality for her "Cousin William" may have been discovered by the sharp-sighted in the foregoing very short extract; and his character seems not to be any thing but imaginary.

"At that moment a servant announced a visitor, Sir Mark Terrington, who had been admitted, and was actually in the library. "Oh! the disagreeable creature," said Caroline. "How excessively inconvenient," exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "I must see him," observed Mr. Crosby. "But the cold hall," said the lady. "The middle of July," answered the husband. "The salts and ananas," whis-

pered the wife. "I'll run away," exclaimed the daughter. "Say I'm coming," said Mr. Crosby to the servant, who retired. "Now that Sir Mark," said Caroline, "is silly, if you please, papa." "That I deny, Cary," replied her father; "his falling is peculiar—he is sensible enough, but he is resolved that every body shall know it, and therefore gives his friends the benefit of observations, which, rational as they are, every body can make just as well as himself. He is tiresome, I confess, but not silly. Why he should come here, heaven knows; I dare say it is to invite us to his annual fête at Stamford-leigh. However, thick shoes, Mrs. Crosby—a clean flannel morning gown, Mrs. Crosby—my hat and gloves, Mrs. Crosby—and then tell Benjamin to shut all the outer doors, and I'll venture across the hall to the library. And away went Mr. Crosby to his guest. Mrs. Crosby proceeded to make a new infusion of tamarinds, senna, and crystals of tartar, for her husband, against he came up again; and Caroline flew to answer the secret despatch of her cousin William. • • •

"His observations, multifarious as they generally were, were on the day in question more numerous and more voluminous than usual; and after the expected invitation had been given, and Mr. Crosby had more than once been reminded, by certain unpleasant twinges, that he had taken medicine, Sir Mark still sat, twirling his watch-chain, as was his constant custom, like 'Patience smiling at Grief,' until at length, as if to vary his recreation, he rose and looked out of the window. "I think, Mr. Crosby," said he, "we shall have rain." "Probably, Sir Mark," said Crosby, who did not care whether it ever rained again or not. "I have always observed, sir," said the baronet, "that the barometer is the best guide to a change of weather; mine was made by a man at Charing Cross, and I have always found it prognosticate very truly." "Yes," said Crosby, "they are very serviceable to farmers and sportsmen, and all that sort of thing; and I believe at sea have been found highly useful." "Those used at sea, sir," said Sir Mark, "I believe are called marine barometers. They must be very useful. The sea, you know, sir, is a large body of water; it is really quite wonderful how people first ventured upon it; for after all, you know, sir, a ship is made but of wood and iron, and sails are but canvass, Mr. Crosby." "Very true, indeed, Sir Mark," said the invalid. "Were you ever much at sea, sir?" said Sir Mark. "Very little, sir," said Crosby, "hardly at all." "Then," said the baronet, "of course you cannot be expected to know so much of marine matters as persons who have made it their amusement or profession; I have a cousin who has been in the navy three and twenty years, and that you know, Mr. Crosby, is a long time." "Yes, sir," said Crosby, looking wistfully, first at the door, and then at the bell, "a very long time." "What a dull life, sir, it must be at sea," said Sir Mark. "Why, that depends a good deal on circumstances," replied his host: "if our companions are pleasant, the scene matters little in which we pass our time." Here, as if Mr. Crosby had struck him with a thunder-bolt, Sir Mark again rose from his chair, which he had only just resumed, and paced the room with an animation so new and unlike his usual manner, that Crosby, who never lost sight of Buchan, was about to arm himself with the poker against a most powerful symptom of incipient insanity."

He proceeds, with more diverting circumlocution than we can make room for, to propose for Caroline a match most eligible in the eyes

of her father, whose communication of the affair to his spouse is a fair specimen of the lighter division of the history.

"Mr. Crosby, who, as I have already mentioned, felt the full importance of such a connexion as Sir Mark, having fortified himself with his promised dram of Daffy, proceeded to the laboratory of his lady, who was anxiously watching the progress of her infusion, and who was in better than ordinary humour, having just received a present from Mr. Crosby's attorney, who, knowing that in most families the female branch prevails, used occasionally to make the amiable, by laying at the feet of his client's spouse such objects as he considered most acceptable to a lady of her character and disposition. "My love," said Mrs. Crosby, stirring the infusion, "I have written to ask Mr. Dobbs and his daughter to dine with us on Sunday." "Dobbs!" cried Mr. Crosby, "the dev—" and there he stopped suddenly, recollecting that a visit from a professional friend might be agreeable, if not absolutely necessary, by that time—"Have you, my life?" "Yes," said Mrs. Crosby, "I have—indeed I could hardly do less—he has sent me a very valuable present—extremely valuable indeed at this time of year." "What is it, Mrs. Crosby?" said her husband. "Two dozen and a half of the liveliest leeches I think I ever saw," replied the lady. "I shall lose no time with them—no answering for accidents—pop six of them on tonight, you shall have another half dozen on in the morning; and Caroline, I am sure, will not be the worse for little pulling down, she is getting so—" "So what?" exclaimed Crosby; "never mind what she is getting, my love; I have got a better thing for her than leeches." "And what may that be, Mr. Crosby?" said Mrs. Crosby; "Cheltenham salts, or—" "Cheltenham devils!" cried her husband. "I've got a baronet for her." "A what?" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. "A baronet—eight thousand a year, and a fine honest fellow into the bargain." "I don't understand you, Mr. Crosby," said the lady: "Doctor Buchan observes—" "Stop one moment, my angel, and hear me," said Crosby: "I am all in a tremble; hot and cold in a moment." "Mr. Crosby, Mr. Crosby," cried the lady; "these, my love, are indubitable signs of the measles—you have told me you never had them—let me pound you some spermaceti and sugar-candy—prevention is better than cure—put blisters to your legs—" "Curse the blisters!" exclaimed Mr. Crosby. "My life, my love," said the lady, "consider what you say." "I do, I do," said Crosby; "I tell you I have got a husband for Cary." "A husband, my dear!" said the mother-in-law, drawing herself up coldly, "what on earth should Caroline do with a husband?" "Upon my word, Mrs. Crosby, I cannot pretend to say," said Mr. Crosby; "nor does it much signify to you or me what she does with him. All I know is, that Sir Mark Terrington has solicited permission to open the preliminaries." "To do what, Mr. Crosby?" said Mrs. Crosby; who, save and except those which occur in the Materia Medica, did not comprehend any word of more than three syllables. "To commence the siege, my love," said Crosby, "if you prefer warlike terms to those of peace." "You don't mean to say," said Mrs. Crosby, "that Sir Mark Terrington wants to marry Caroline?" "My love, you have hit it exactly," said Crosby. "Then you have surprised me," said the lady. "I see no great cause for surprise—she is a fine girl, Mrs. Crosby, and a good girl, and—" "Your daughter, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Crosby; "at all events she is still a mere child."

'Well, perhaps,' said Crosby, 'it is because Sir Mark wants a child, that he is induced to marry Caroline; for my part, Caroline appears to me quite as wise as her intended husband; and as for the difference in their ages, why twenty years sounds a good deal, yet she is turned sixteen, and he under forty: what of that?' 'Nothing just now,' said Mrs. Crosby; 'but when Caroline, with her volatile disposition, her wild enthusiasm, and her pretty person, finds herself, at Sir Mark's present age, the wife of a dull person of sixty, perhaps—' 'Perhaps—perhaps what, Mrs. Crosby?' said the animated father. 'Parents who discover evils at twenty years' distance will be a long time settling their children—I think the match a good match, a prudent match, and an honourable match.' 'In that case,' said the lady, 'it is in every point of view desirable.' 'You are as matter of fact as Sir Mark himself,' said Crosby. 'However, I will speak to the girl, extract her opinion of the baronet before I break his proposal to her, and I hope I shall soon have her happily established as Lady Terrington.' There are people in this world who have a dislike to see other people happy, and who, even wishing those other people well, bound to them by ties of friendship, nay even of consanguinity, cannot endure that their co-mates in existence should pass them in the course of life, or gain an ascendency over them in the affairs of society. Mrs. Crosby never liked Caroline; and though parched, stiff, cold, and cadaverous herself, never entirely dismissed from her mind a sexual envy of her blooming daughter-in-law.'

Nobody ever described a fashionable dinner better than our author; and we are sorry we cannot give Sir Mark's first entertainment at Crosby; but the after-dinner promenade with his intended is still more characteristic, and we must yield it the preference.

'Coffee having been announced, Sir Mark, encouraged by the kindness of the ladies when he joined them, and animated by the wine he had swallowed, most gallantly proposed a stroll through the grounds, so soon as the regale should be concluded. Little did the worthy baronet surmise, that Mrs. Crosby would rather have died outright than venture on turf after two o'clock in the day. Little did he imagine the importance of a request to 'go out and take a little walk,' when he made the suggestion: however, if he had been really plotting and maneuvering, the thing could not have turned out better; for Mrs. Crosby, who had no more delicacy than a kitchen-maid, feeling and understanding that all the dull proceedings of this, to her, doubly dull day, were gotten up to forward a match between two particular individuals of the party, thought the more rapidly the matter was brought about, by giving the young people an opportunity to talk to each other, the better; replied to the proposition of the baronet, as far as she herself was concerned, in the negative; but added, that Caroline would be charmed to shew him the new walk, which had been just cut through the shrubberies, and the new piece of water, and the boat-house, and the root-house, and the hermitage, and all the other beauties of the place. Sir Mark cast a hesitating look towards the smiling girl, who instantly agreed to the arrangement, and quitted the drawing-room to make preparations. 'Cork soles, my dear,' cried Mrs. Crosby, 'clogs—a tippet—don't forget your shawl!' Which exclamation had nearly awakened Mr. Crosby from a profound sleep, into which he had fallen, from having been recommended by his lady to take thirty

drops of laudanum in a cup of penny-royal tea after dinner, to set his stomach to rights. Davis, by some accident, had doubled the dose, but, to save trouble, let it go as it was. In a few moments Caroline appeared ready equipped for the ramble. As she approached, Sir Mark felt a sort of nervous apprehension, and would have given twenty guineas, rather than undertake the progress *tête-à-tête*. He looked wistfully at Mrs. Crosby, in whom he felt he had an advocate, and thought to himself, if she had been of the party, he would have had some support; for he knew the weakness of his social powers in female society, and was perfectly conscious of his inability to keep up that conversational corona, which, if one of the players be a bungler, so often falls to the ground, that the proficient at last thinks it hardly worth taking up again. Off they went, however, and Caroline walked by his side along the broad gravel walk, which leads straight from the terrace at the back of Crosby House, with her eyes cast down, and her ears open, to catch the sound of his voice. Two hundred yards had elapsed, and not a syllable. 'Hem,' said Sir Mark. Caroline looked at her companion. 'A very pleasant young gentleman, Captain Morley, Miss Crosby,' said Sir Mark. He had better have said any thing else. 'Yes, he is, indeed,' said Caroline. 'He is going to be married,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes, and I hope he will be happy,' said Caroline. 'I hope so too,' said Sir Mark. A silence, awful in the extreme, followed this little burst, and they walked on; Caroline's eyes being, I am afraid, filled with tears. However, a bonnet then the fashion hid the sparkling orbs from the observation of Sir Mark; and without any farther attempt at conversation they reached the hermitage. 'This is the hermitage, I suppose,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes; it was built from a design of my cousin William's,' said Caroline. 'Will you like to rest in it a little?' said the baronet with an air of gallantry. 'If you please,' said Caroline; and she sat down on the bench where she sat with Morley on that evening when their hearts spoke to each other, and their souls communed together.—Where her thoughts were, who can doubt? A sudden chill ran through her whole body, and as suddenly the blood rushed to her cheeks; she could not have answered had she been spoken to, and she trembled lest her companion should address her. A word at the moment would have overcome her; but he was silent, and she turned from him, and, leaning on her hand, gazed through one of the rustic windows, which opened on the lake. Her heart beat, and her pulse throbbed, and her vivid imagination was filled with a bright and beautiful vision of love and happiness, never now to be realised by her. After a long pause, Sir Mark Terrington said, 'Are you fond of dogs, Miss Crosby?' To attempt a description of Caroline's feelings at this moment is perfectly impossible; the effect, however, may be conceived, when I say, that in the midst of her heart-rending grief—in the midst of the ten thousand conflicting passions which were agitating and torturing her, the absolute absurdity and insanity of such a question, put under such circumstances, struck her so forcibly, that she burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, so unequivocally contemptuous, that any body, other than the worthy baronet actually engaged in the affair, would have observed the sensation he had created, and beat a retreat in double-quick time. Not so, Sir Mark; he was, although perhaps somewhat startled at the violence of Miss Crosby's mirth, rather gratified than otherwise, at having so

successfully excited her feelings, and followed up his effective question with another. 'No! but are you, though?' 'Very fond, indeed, Sir Mark,' said Caroline, struggling to correct and check herself, but very nearly bursting into tears at the same moment. 'Why, do you know,' said the baronet, 'I like dogs, because I have always observed that they are faithful and constant in their attachments, Miss Crosby.' And here Caroline felt, that, strange as was the mode which he had adopted, the lover was now coming forward; and that having oddly enough brought the conversation to the opposite topics of attachment and constancy, he would draw the thread a little farther, and touch upon the interesting subject which the 'old people' evidently intended him to agitate during the walk so artificially gotten up; and which, it must be confessed, the younger person of the two thought inevitable under all the circumstances of the case. Caroline's heart beat faster and stronger; she felt she would give the world that he should not say a word about his feelings just then, at a time and in a place which recalled so powerfully the recollection of her dear William. Her head was still averted; she heard Sir Mark sigh deeply. The critical moment had evidently arrived. 'I once,' said Sir Mark,—and he hesitated and sighed again—'I once, Miss Crosby, knew what it was—' Caroline held her breath, and pressed her lips close together, in an agony of dread and expectation—to have a very large dog: he was of the true Newfoundland breed, black, with a white patch upon his breast; he would dive after any thing which I threw into the water. I used to call him Pompey, miss; but he was stolen from me, and as I have often said to myself, when I have been alone and thinking a good deal, the worst of having that sort of pet is, that it gives one so much pain to lose it—one misses it when it is first gone, just like a wife, or a child, or any thing else one has got used to. I remember a droll gentleman of my acquaintance, who made a very ingenious jest upon my Pompey. He asked me what I thought my dog was worth, and I said I would not sell him for any money; but as for his worth, I added, it might be all fancy, and a thing in the market was only worth what it would fetch; to which he replied, 'then your dog is invaluable, for he will fetch any thing you send him for.' Had nature unkindly desired that we should think aloud, here, I verily believe, would have terminated the acquaintance of Sir Mark Terrington and Miss Caroline Crosby; for (such is the anomalous construction of a woman's mind,) the contempt she felt for his puerile disappointment of her expectations, for the fulfilment of which she had rallied all her energies, by far exceeded in force and power any gratification she experienced at the temporary reprieve from a declaration. She, however, little knew Sir Mark—he had as much idea of coming to the point during that walk, as he had of discovering the longitude; to make a proposal on a first *tête-à-tête*, appeared to him the very *acme* of indiscretion, rudeness, and precipitancy; and there might Caroline have sat until this very moment, with the bright moon shining on her white forehead, and the fresh breeze sporting with her jetty curls; and for all Sir Mark did or intended to do, she might have sat there till Doomsday, had not Davis, who had been sent in quest of her young lady, with an additional cloak and clogs, served the *lovers* as Saint Patrick served the Irish snakes and toads, and awakened 'them to a sense of their situation.' What

Davis anticipated to find that situation, I can-not pretend to surmise; but her approach towards the hermitage was announced by two or three of those gentle inartificial coughs, which do not result from cold, but which serve as signals upon various occasions, under the direction of females educated in certain schools, and versed in certain arts and sciences. Not a syllable had escaped the lips of either of the young people for nearly ten minutes after the dog story, nor for ten minutes previous to the very reasonable arrival of the soubrette—the last word which had been spoken dropped from Caroline, who had said, ‘yes, very,’ in answer to an observation of Sir Mark’s, that the moon was very bright;—and, it must be observed, that when Davis entered the hermitage, and saw the perfect placidity of the scene, and how remotely distant from each other the enamoured pair were placed, she seemed, if not disappointed at the appearance of things, at least mortified at the waste of breath which she had expended upon the various announcements of her proximity and approach. ‘I have brought your cloak and clogs, Miss Caroline,’ said she—‘your mamma thought you were staying out too late.’ Caroline thought so too. ‘I hope, Miss Caroline,’ said the baronet, ‘your papa won’t think that I kept you out—I thought you had better have gone in a long time ago, but I did not like to hurry you.’ ‘Oh,’ said Caroline, ‘you know how careful we are here of each other’s health—I dare say we shall not get scolded—however, I am quite ready, Sir Mark.’ And accordingly, having enveloped herself in the proffered mantle, she waited to see whether her professed lover, like the glow-worm, might not shine a little more as it grew darker, and to ascertain whether he would offer her his arm; but she waited in vain—he seemed satisfied, that upon such a liberty he could not yet presume; and he walked quietly beside her, Davis closely following. ‘There is a great deal of dew falling this evening,’ said Sir Mark. ‘Yes,’ answered Caroline. ‘How beautiful a dew-drop looks when the sun shines on it in a morning!’ said Sir Mark. ‘Very,’ said Caroline. Mrs. Davis was again affected with a slight cough. ‘I suppose your papa does not walk out much, Miss Caroline,’ said Sir Mark. ‘Very seldom,’ said Caroline. ‘I should think it must be very dull for him, being so much confined as he is, with nobody here but yourselves,’ said Sir Mark. Davis’s cough was worse than ever; and Caroline was a good deal puzzled how to reply to the observation, because the only answer she could possibly give, would inevitably produce, even from Sir Mark, a little bit of flattery—a pause, therefore, ensued. ‘I hope,’ said Sir Mark, after a lapse of an hundred yards, ‘I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and yourself at Stamford-leigh before the autumn sets in, for it looks best in summer. Indeed, I have often observed, that the country is never seen to advantage in the winter.’ Before the autumn sets in—thought Caroline, what can he mean? ‘The leaves are a great advantage to trees,’ said Sir Mark; ‘and the foliage about the house at Stamford-leigh is particularly advantageous, because it shuts out the view of the offices; and I should like you to see it looking its best.’ ‘You are very kind, Sir Mark,’ said Caroline; ‘I shall be most happy to accompany my father and Mrs. Crosby, whenever they go to you.’ ‘You are very good, Miss Caroline,’ said Sir Mark: ‘I hope I shall be able to make it pleasant to you. I will ask two or three friends of mine to meet you; for it would be very dull with

only our own party.’ Mrs. Davis was again troubled with a cough, and how many more relapses she might have had in the course of the conversation, it is impossible for me to surmise, had not the party at this juncture regained the house, into which no sooner had they entered, than Caroline bounded up stairs to her room, to divest herself of her wrapping up, and take the same opportunity of unfolding her mind to Davis as to the merits of her swain.

We are sorry to stop here; but, for the reasons we have assigned, we will not go farther either into extracts or details. At the end of Vol. I. there is a break of twenty years, over which we will not leap. Suffice it to say, that the later period displays, if possible, a more perfect knowledge of the human heart in man and woman, and of the world or society, than the preceding era, and contains many observations of deep as well as playful philosophy, which must be felt to apply to the persons and circumstances that surround every actor in the mixed drama of real life. In fine, *Cousin William* is, perhaps, the highest effort of the author’s deservedly popular pen; and no greater encomium need be bestowed.

Of the second tale, *Gerrase Skinner*, we abstain from saying anything as yet.

The Omnipresence of the Deity: a Poem. By Robert* Montgomery. Post 8vo. pp. 196. London, 1828. S. Mauder.

The author of this Poem having received a castigation from our hands for a former production, we have several reasons for being gratified with his present effort. It shews in him, that, though led away by youthful effervescence, his temperature is of the true and high poetic tone; that he is not above listening to advice, however bitter it may be at the moment; and that, leaving the track of error, he has the soul to attempt, and the capacity to reach, the nobler, the noblest, inspirations of the Muse. On our part, we are free to say, that in this effusion, Mr. Montgomery, yet a very young man, has attained a pitch of excellence far beyond what even his warmest friends could have anticipated within so short a period. It is indeed a magnificent and sublime composition; and if there are still to be detected some of the critical imperfections incident to early years, they are infinitely more than atoned for by the beauty and genius of the whole.

The Bishop of London has, we observe, accepted the dedication; and, in our opinion, the subjoined extracts will not only shew that it does him honour as a patron, but also that the Bard is worthy of continued notice and increased encouragement. The poem opens thus grandly:—

“Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Fevning Spirits, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,

Around, above, beneath, where Thou are not!

Before the glad stars hymn’d to new-born earth,
Or young creation revell’d in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time’s majestic wings to be unfurld,

And out of darkness drew the breathing world!

Ere matter form’d at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert!—Omnip, Endless, and Alone;

In Thine own essence, all that was to be—

Sublime, infinite, Deity!

Thou said’st—“and lo! a universe was born,

And light flash’d from Thee, for its birth-day morn!”

A world unshrouded all its beauty now!

The youthful mountain rear’d its haughty brow,

* Not to be confounded with the amiable James of Sheffield.

Flowers, fruits, and trees, felt instantaneous life,
And ocean chafed her billows into strife!

And next, triumphant o’er the green-clad earth,
The sun rose, and his golden birth
And dash’d from off his radiant sublime
The first dread roar that marked commencing time!
Last rose the moon—and then th’ array of stars
Wheel’d round the heavens upon their burning cars!”

From Creation we pass to a description of one of Nature’s most awful phenomena, which we consider to be very fine.

“A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its shudder driven,—
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an Omnipresence round him thrown?
With what a gloom the wring’ng scene appears!—
The leaves all shivering with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling favour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain’s reluctant shower,
With big drops patter on the tree and bough,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone on some still height,
Where heaven’s black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,—
Like rocks in battle, on the ocean’s bed,
While the dash’d billows foam around their head!—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The tempestuousness of the upper womb repose,
And when the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast Presence rocks from pole to pole!”

The slight defects in this admirable picture are the conversion of the “lightning-daggers” so immediately into “fiery arrows,” and the dissonant word “dash’d,” so soon after the rhymes “clash” and “flash:” but what are these to its general force, truth, and grandeur?

The contrast of calm is equally poetical.

“But not alone when racking Nature groans
Beneath the terror of Thy tempests to;—
Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel Thy dread ubiquity!—
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our still hearts own Thine omnipresent power.

List! now the cradled winds have hush’d their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While Heaven’s earth seems to wake up fresh and clear!

Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble brie,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty’s eyes!—
How heavenly ’tis to take the pensive range,
And mark ‘twixt storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away.—
Till pearl shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell torn with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now smiling flowers, now making blithe shake,
Or weaving rippled gossamer-like web,
And thus the tempest dies—bright and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!
And now, while bloom and breeze their charm unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight;
God! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!”

The second portion of the poem goes more into the affairs of human life; and though not so powerful, is hardly less beautiful than the first Part. We select as a specimen the sooth-ing picture of a Country Sabbath.

“Thou unimagined God! though every hour,
And every day, speak thy tremendous power,
Upon the seventh, creation’s work was crown’d,
When the full universe career’d around!
Then ever hallowed be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and Time shall roll away!

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood’s dimpled prime,
I’ve loved to hail thy calm-renewing thine;
Soft steals thy balsam over the pensive mind,
In lingering murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing’d away,
And blissful hope, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music pees,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communies not with the day’s repose,
And bursts the thrall of terrestrial woes?
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there?—
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gather’d hearts their homage breathe awhile!

The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

Emblem of Peace!—upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the till-worn swain;
Soon as thy smile athwart the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the brightening day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward Sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and reverent tone,
He's breathed his vows unto Jehovah's throne,
Swept o'er the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal!
There shall kind Plenty wear her sweetest smiles;
There shall his rosy children play their wiles;
And there the week-eyed mother muse and joy,
And court with frequent kiss her infant boy;
At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground,
A möröd tear on some lamented mound;
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where summer beauty charms the ling'ring glance!—
These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay:
And when aerial Nighthath veiled the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Shall stand, and read the Holi History;
Or peaceful prayer, or chanted hymn, shall close
The hour that woos him to a sweet repose."

The third division treats of Atheism and other subjects, in a style not inferior to the foregoing; but we have done enough to indicate the very elevated character of the work, and must leave the rest to the public judgment, with only one sublime extract more—the end of the poem, and descriptive of the final doom.

" Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to the tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth:
We live, and toil—we triumph and decay,—
Thus age on age rolls unceas'd away!
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O ! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dash'd to eternity!—
A cloudy mantle will envelop that sun!
Who then so vainly will gaze upon it?
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the fall-drops, from their depth will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-strown star,—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds uncurl'd!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays;
Now bursting into wispid phantoms bright,
And now immuming in a sea of light!—
Till ramping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire-clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea-foam dash'd upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And, lo ! the Sea : along her rapt'nd shore,
The white waves gallop with delirious roar !
Till Ocean, in her agonising throes,
Bounds, swells, and sinks, like leaping hills of snow !
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes
While waves, and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our terror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned Deity?

Hark ! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunder'd the dizzy universe around !
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all creation souls !
And first that rippled rise upon the deep,
The dead awoken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heaved it !—collapsing up with dread,
Myriads of mortals dash from out her bed !
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life !

All who have breath'd, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All that great whose cradles kingdoms knew;
Tyrants and warriors, who carest'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are pluck'd from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To bear the changeless and eternal doom !

Now, while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the spummed ruin shall expire,

Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With glittering banners at His feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge!—a sound seraphim ministers thron'd,
Bressing on either harp celestial song;
While minstrelles aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dance o'er departing Time!—

Imagination ! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd !

The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon ! and blackend is the sun !
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar;
Crash'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unboom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawn'd on the ruin, like creation's tomb !

And lo ! the living harvest of the earth,
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
Mighty shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features
gleam;

Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar !
And, like an ocean vexed from His throne,
Roars the deep thunder of His judgment tone !—
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The curst, with head uncurst'd to their eye,
Shake, shiver, and vanish in a whirlwind cry !
Creation shudders with sublime dismay !
And in a blazing tempest whirls away !"

To conclude, though we do not enlarge our examples, we have no hesitation in ranking *The Omnipresence of the Deity* in the very highest class of English Sacred Poesy. It reflects a new lustre on the name of Montgomery; and well deserves the utmost favour both of religious and poetical readers.

There are some smaller poems, to which we shall probably advert in our next: in the mean time, we most heartily recommend this extraordinary production to all the admirers of true genius.

Letters from Greece: with Remarks on the Treaty of Intervention. By Edward Blaquier, Esq. Author of a "Historical Account of the Greek Revolution," &c. &c. 6vo. pp. 351. London, 1828. J. Ilbery.

So much has been written upon the affairs of Greece, that even the high authority of Mr. Blaquier need not lead us into long details. His present volume, like all that have preceded it, from his pen, is marked with sound sense, moderation, and a warmth of feeling in a good cause, restrained and qualified by a sterling love of truth. Mr. Blaquier may mistake, but he never will misrepresent; he may be misinformed, but for what he vouches of his own knowledge, we cannot entertain a doubt: honesty and integrity shine through every page of his works.

The Introduction contains an able justification of the tripartite Treaty of Intervention, and its consequences; and touches on the sore subjects of the Greek loans and the distribution of the supplies in Greece. Both seem too bad to be mended. In this paper, and indeed throughout, we think the writer lays too much stress on the religions of the Greeks and Turks: religion ought always to be kept clear of politics. If a nation should go to war for another, because it was of the same creed, no nations of the same creed ought to go to war against each other: but this is not the policy of the world.

The Letters which follow the Introduction were sent from Greece by Mr. B., and published, we believe, in several of the daily Journals. They are full of intelligence, judicious views, and excellent advice; but for the foregoing reason, though very advisable to collect them together, it does not seem expedient to us to republish any parts of what are already so well known through the press, in our Journal.

The third division of Mr. Blaquier's Vol. is a reply to the Sketches of the War in Greece, by Mr. P. J. Green, with notes by his Brother. In this, the writer seems to pursue his usually fair and consistent course; defending some points, attacking others, and conceding not a few. There is much to be said on both sides; but Mr. B. palliates the atrocities committed by the Greeks too much. It is not well to find excuses for such massacres, whether perpetrated by Greek or Mussulman; nor can the horrors of the French Revolution, or of any bloody struggle, be made an apology for future murders and ruthless crimes.

A Narrative of Col. Gordon's Expedition, in the beginning of last year, for the occupation of the heights of Phalerum, is to us the most interesting portion of the book; and we quote from it the only short example we can afford to give.

" The position of Phalerum, now called Castella, is an elevated plateau, rising abruptly from the sea, and commanding all the ground about it within cannon range. The right flank is altogether precipitous, whence it gradually slopes away towards the left, and to the port of Munychia, where the ascent is easy. The approach is, moreover, rendered difficult on the right (especially in winter) by marshes formed by the Ilyssus, which falls into the sea to the eastward: the road to Athens runs between these and other marshes reaching to the head of the Piraeus, and formed by the Cephissus. Beyond the low marshy ground is an olive ground, which extends nearly to the city. In front of the centre, at the distance of two musket shots, is the monastery of Saint Spiridon, seated about half way up the fort of Piraeus, and close to the water: thus, the position has the Piraeus in its front, the port of Munychia (now useless, for want of depth of water) on its left, and that of Phalerum in its rear, with the open ground of Attica and marshes on the right. Between the summit of the hill and the monastery is an ancient theatre, and a well of excellent water. The head of the port of Munychia is separated from the Piraeus by a low isthmus, and beyond it, to the south, lies the abrupt and broken peninsula, full of ancient remains, where the ancient town of Munychia stood: the extremity of this peninsula, owing to the nature of the ground, is not seen from Phalerum. In some respects the position is certainly very strong; as, in order to attack it with effect, it was necessary for the enemy to defile along the front, betwixt it and the sea."

After some fighting, the Greek assailants (having neither cavalry nor artillery) "were attacked at day-break on the 8th, by Kutahi, at the head of five or six hundred horse, and two thousand infantry, with two pieces of cannon, lances, carrying eighteen-pound balls. The Turkish guns firing grenades, and served with great rapidity, threw the Greeks into disorder: their cavalry immediately charged; the church was abandoned; Bourbaki's redoubt was carried, after a short but vigorous resistance, and the main body, seized with a panic, fled, almost without exchanging a shot; Vasso,* himself, being one of the first to run. The enemy's horse followed closely, and did considerable execution. According to the most authentic accounts, the Greeks lost two hundred and fifty killed, fifty prisoners, and near two hundred wounded arrived at Salamis. The vanquished did not even rally in the strong position of Eleusis, but continued their disorderly flight till they got into the island. The

* This Vasso, one of the many hydra heads of distracted Greece, appears prominently in the latest reports.

Turks then occupied Eleusis, burned the huttet camp, choked the wells with large stones, and even pushed their parties as far as the Metochi of Phaneromeni. This defeat was rendered more disastrous by the loss of Bourbacki, a brave and estimable officer, and a sincere patriot: his horse being shot under him, he was made prisoner by the Turks, after defending himself with great resolution, and shortly afterwards put to death. Two French officers accompanied him, Captains Du Gask and Gibacière: the first was killed in the re-doubt; the second, who had been detached to demand reinforcements, might have escaped; but, learning the fate of his leader, to whom he was warmly attached, he returned amongst the enemy, and died sword in hand, with the courage and devotion of a Spartan. The loss of this battle produced a painful sensation in Greece; it ruined our hopes of raising the siege of Athens; and, in fact, rendered the expedition unavailing."

On the 11th, the Greeks triumphed in their turn; but differences arose, and Col. Gordon retired from the command, after holding it for fifty days; and we are told, "provisions, meanwhile, began to be scarce: Count Porro, the intendant-general, who had executed the functions confided to him with singular zeal and ability, having retired as soon as Col. Gordon gave up the command, that service, (as is usual in Greece,) fell into the hands of persons who were either peculators, or at least unequal to their duty: besides, the magazine being at Ambelaki, the transport was frequently impeded by bad weather and contrary winds, so that the soldiers were sometimes two days without bread. In this disagreeable situation, unable to undertake any thing, and almost besieged by the enemy, the Greek generals amused themselves by keeping up a perpetual cannonade, as fruitless as it was ill-directed, and which served only to expend their ammunition, and ruin the guns and carriages."

An Appendix of interesting documents concludes this work, which is a valuable, we might say indispensable, addition to the publications from which a proper knowledge of the Greek Revolution can be obtained.

Angelo's Reminiscences. 2 vols. 8vo.
Colburn.

In a preceding *Literary Gazette* we gave some extracts from this anecdote-loving work, and we have not since discovered any better way of enabling our readers to form a judgment of its character. Indeed, publications of this kind are so remote from literary reviewing, that we do not scruple to add the following excerpts to our page, simply in the light of an amusing miscellany.

Irish Anecdotes. — "Whilst my father was in Ireland, which happened before he visited England, he became acquainted with several families, by whom he was entertained with that liberal hospitality which was, and still is, so prevalent among our fellow-subjects in the sister isle. Among others, who partook of similar civilities at Carlisle-house in my younger days, I have a distant recollection of Mr. Martin, father of the late member for Galway, a gentleman of whom my father always spoke with affection and respect. Mr. Martin having an affair of honour with a well-known gentleman, Sack Gardiner, they met, took their ground, and, by signal, Mr. Gardiner, the challenged party, fired. His pistol was directed so nicely, that the bullet grazed along, and tore the gold lace from Mr. Martin's hat; who, firing in the air, uncovering, and making his

bow, exclaimed, 'By the powers, Gardiner, you are no bad shot!' Another friend of my father, to whom he was under obligations whilst in Ireland, was a gentleman cognomened Bumper Squire Jones. This gentleman had a house in St. James's Street, and came to London frequently. I remember going to dine there in my youth with the Sheridan family, and meeting Dr. Lucas, a well-known political character in Dublin. Some years after this period, I met the son of the doctor, who had been a great sufferer from the gout. He was in mourning, when, inquiring after his father, he informed me that he was lately dead. 'I hope he has handsomely provided for you,' said a mutual friend, who was hanging on my arm. 'Provided, sir!' echoed Lucas, who was himself hobbling, 'yes, sir, he has left me, as the sole patrimony of a gentleman, this hereditary title—pointing to his toes,—'with just as much land as I can hop over, and the devil of any more.'

Quacks. — "Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor at every market-place as the pedlar with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his *xany*, I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character. Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago. Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, and, bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatum*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist. An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three warnings*, and death would have walked at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his Anglo-German dialect.—*Doctor.* Dis poora woman vot is—how old vosh you? *Old Woman.* I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style.—*Doctor.* Ah, tat is an incurable disease. *Old Woman.* O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.—*Doctor* (smiling). No, no, good womans—old age is vot is incurable; but, by the blessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora woman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hospitaleys have you been in? *Old Woman.* Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.—*Doctor.* Vot, and you found no reliefs?—vot none—not at all? *Old Woman.* No, none at all, sir.—*Doctor.* And how many medical professioners have attended you? *Old Woman.* Some twenty or thirty, sir.—*Doctor.* O mine Gote! Three sick hospitaleys, and dirty, (thirty) doctors! I should wonder vot if you

have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora womans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurable; pote mid de blessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode beoples, dis poora womans vas teaf as a toor nials (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater), Gan you hear dat bell? *Old Woman.* Yes, sir.—*Doctor.* O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you walk round this chair? (offering his arm.) *Old Woman.* Yes, sir.—*Doctor.* Sit you town again, good womans. Gan you see? *Old Woman.* Pretty so-so, doctor.—*Doctor.* Vot gan you see, good womans? *Old Woman.* I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie-man, with the pie-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).—*Doctor.* And what else gan you see, good womans? *Old Woman.* The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel). 'Lying old —,' screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter. Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, 'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gosbel.' Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's gray parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mockbird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other by the wrangling basket-women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty well to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed), used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung in front of the house having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, 'Broke my back, by G—!' Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane *apostrophe* from the market-garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads."

Gresse, a very fat painter, and a friend of Captain Grose, was appointed to teach some of the royal family.

"Gresse, on his first introduction as a teacher at the royal palaces, had been told by Muller, page to the then young prince Edward, that the etiquette was, if by accident he met the king, or any member of the royal family, within the palace, to stand respectfully still—let them pass, and take no notice, unless those great personages condescended to notice him. It happened, that during his many professional visits at Buckingham House, at Kew, and at Windsor, during the first two years' attendance, he had never by any chance met the king. One day, however, whilst waiting to attend the queen, and amusing himself in looking at the painted ceiling in the great audience chamber, a door suddenly opened, and by a side glance he perceived himself in

the royal presence. It was no less a personage than his majesty king George the Third, who entered alone. Struck, no doubt, with the extraordinary bulk and general contour of the figure of the artist, for he stood with his hands behind him, grasping his cocked hat, and his legs straddling wide, with his head thrown back, the king advanced to the middle of the room, and eyed him with apparent surprise. Gresse, remembering the point of etiquette, dropped his head to its natural position, and stood stock-still. After his majesty had taken this survey, he walked round, whilst Gresse, wishing a trap-door to open under his own feet, remained, nothing short of a waxen figure beneath a tropical sun. At length the king, unconscious, we may reasonably suppose, of the misery of the sensitive artist, walked to some distance, and turning round took a view of him right in front. Gresse, determined to shew the king that he really was not a statue, regardless of further etiquette, made to the sovereign a most profound bow, which the king understanding, as it is supposed, he immediately retired. * * *

"Gresse, after this accidental first interview with our late sovereign, as I have before observed, became a great favourite with his majesty; so much so, indeed, that the king condescended to visit his house, which he built at Cookham, and in which he resided occasionally during the summer season. As this house, which was dubbed *Gresse's Folly*, had neither external elegance nor much internal beauty to boast, however, it is likely that the king was excited by that playful humour in which he occasionally indulged, to view it as a curiosity, being the residence of so great a man. I have heard Gresse relate, with much delight, the conversation which happened at this royal visit. His majesty went into every apartment, noticed the contrivances of the kitchen, commented on his pictures, and then visited his garden and domestic out-buildings. 'You have chosen too low a site though,' observed his majesty. 'Take care, Master Gresse, or you will be carried off in a winter flood;' which prognostic, by the way, had nearly occurred within a year after. On going up a staircase, constructed with a too sudden turn, which led to the huge man's dormitory, the king whispered to one of the attendants, 'I wonder how Gresse climbs up this narrow flight; but a greater wonder will be, how they will get him down if he dies here, for there is no flexibility in a coffin — hey — my lord — hey!' Gresse, though his father was a Swiss, was born in London. He prided himself on this circumstance, as did also king George the Third. Indeed, his Majesty, in talking with him upon his parental country, condescended to remark: 'But you and I were born Britons; that is something to boast — hey, Gresse!' * *

"Bartolozzi had a great esteem for Gresse, who had been a favourite pupil of his estimable colleague, Cipriani; indeed he lived with this painter many years, and was a very close imitator of his style. Gresse had studied under other masters; so many, indeed, that Bartolozzi, who was doing some professional service for a friend of Gresse's, unfortunately differed with the engraver, who, Italian-like, was hasty, and Gresse harping on the word *style*, he exclaimed, 'Cot-dam, Mister Gresse, hold your tongue; you have copy so many mastare, you have not left no style at all.'

"Gainsborough, as is sufficiently known, was an enthusiastic admirer of music; and though certainly no musician, yet his love for

sweet sounds was such, that he had tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guitar, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fischer, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarionet, I forget which; but made nothing of it. He, however, could modulate to a certain degree on a keyed instrument, and used frequently to chant any rodomontade that was uppermost, accompanying himself with the chords on my mother's piano-forte. Bach, who had a true German share of dry humour, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and, laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, 'Bravo!' whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, labouring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor, and drolly exclaim, 'Now for Purcell's chant; now a specimen of old Bird.' 'Dat is debilish fine,' cried Bach. 'Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes,' added Gainsborough; when Bach, his patience worn out, would cry, 'Now dat is too pad; dere is no law, by goles! why the company is to listen to your murder of all these ancient gombosers;' when, getting up from his seat, he would run his finger rattling along all the keys, and pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place, and flourish voluntaries as though he was inspired. Once Bach called upon him in Pall-Mall, and going straight to his painting-room, he found him fagging hard at the bassoon, an instrument that requires the wind of a forge-bellows to fill. Gainsborough's cheeks were puffed, and his face was round and red as the harvest moon. Bach stood astounded. 'Pote it away, man, pote it away; do you want to burst yourself like the frog in the fable?' Deaf! it is only fit for the lungs of a country blacksmith! 'Nay, now it!' exclaimed Gainsborough; 'it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again.' 'Listen,' added Bach, 'mine friend, I did listen at your door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hobe to be saved, it is just for all the world as the veritable praying (braying) of a jackass.' 'D—n it!' exclaimed Gainsborough, 'why you have no ear, man; no more than an adder. Come, then, (taking the clarionet)' — 'Baw, baw!' exclaimed the musician, 'vorse and vorse; no more of your canarding, 'tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!' Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, the composer, so celebrated for his canzonets, must not be forgotten, as another exception to this observation, however. This distinguished musician was almost as fond of painting as Gainsborough was of music; and, as I have heard, was no mean performer with the pallet and pencils."

[To be continued.]

The Fairy Mythology. 12mo. 2 vols.

Ainsworth.

We have already noticed, though far too briefly for their great variety and merits, these volumes, illustrative of so many curious superstitions; and we can only refer to them again at this time, when a perfect copy of the publication is before us, for the sake of calling attention to the admirable designs by W. H. Brooke, which at once adorn the stories and exemplify their wonders. The inexhaustible fancy of the artist has absolutely opened a new fairy land to us. Elves are made visible in every possible form in which we have read of or imagined them: in their fights, their frolics, their mysteries, their occupations, their amuse-

ments, their gambols, and their pranks. Their multitude is incredible; and we are sure that the characteristic and spirited manner in which Mr. Brooke has represented them, will raise still higher his already very high reputation for invention and execution. They are not only *multum* but *magnum in parvo*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 25, 1823.

An action was brought the other day against a number of hackney-coachmen, who conspired to make the masters take a less price for their coaches *per diem*. The prosecutors maintained that the jarveys were servants, or workmen, and liable to the laws against conspiring for the reduction of wages: but the court decided that the hackney-coachmen were principal tenants of the buildings called hackney coaches, and therefore not liable to the laws against combination: the consequence of this was, that the next day three-fourths of the principal tenants were so drunk as to put the lives of the under-tenants in danger. The minister of finance has now nothing more to do than rate hackney coaches with the taxes on houses and windows. The police would have been ungrateful, if it had not protected the coachmen on this occasion, as it gains a large sum annually by clothing them,—it not being permitted to any driver of a hackney coach or cabriolet to buy his own clothes: the police supplies them, and receives five sous per day in payment. What would a London jarvy say to this?

The new ministry has signalled its first acts by impressing on the tribunals a system of lenity touching the liberty of the press. Under the late ministry, a M. de Senancourt was sentenced to a heavy fine and long imprisonment for a work on Religious Traditions, in which he spoke with the utmost respect of Christ, as a great moralist, but denied his divinity. The author appealed; and on Tuesday the former conviction was quashed, and the defendant discharged without costs.

By the laws of the University of Paris, no person can keep a school without a license from the University, which also ordains the course of studies and the books to be used in the seminaries. The Jesuits, and the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, maintained their exemption from the University laws: they appointed their own teachers, and selected their own school books, many of which were prohibited by the University, as instilling religious doctrines contrary to those of the Gallican church. One of the first acts of the new minister of justice has been to appoint a Committee to inquire into these abuses; and as nearly all the members of the commission are professed enemies of the Jesuits, there can be little doubt that the course of education prescribed by the University will be generally adopted, and the professors in the religious seminaries subjected to the same regulations, as to capacity and morals, as the others. This is the severest blow that has yet been struck at the religious institutions, and is expected to be followed by others still more severe. The taking public instruction out of the hands of the clergy, and the control of the minister for ecclesiastical affairs, is a strong measure, and must produce important effects. It is understood to have originated with the Dauphin.

The English company performed last night at the Théâtre François, for the benefit of *Batiste l'ainé*. The curiosity was so great, that the public began to assemble at the doors of the theatre at eleven o'clock in the morning: the house was, as the French say, as full as an

egg. The performances were Jane Shore, by the English company; an act of Cinderella, from the Italian Opera; and a new piece, in three acts, by the actors of the Théâtre François. In Cinderella, Mlle. Sontag performed;—her singing brought down thunders of applause: with a compass of voice equal to Madame Catalani, she has the art of reaching the feelings by exquisite strokes of nature. Jane Shore went off with elation; Miss Smithson and Mr. Abbott were loudly applauded.

As to the French piece, though supported by the strength of the house, including Mlle. Mars, it was utterly condemned.

Two translations, and two English editions, of the Chronicles of the Canongate have been printed at Paris. The translation published by M. Gosselin is remarkable for its fidelity and spirit.

A Correspondent from Lisbon, of the 18th ult., says, "notwithstanding our disturbed political economy, Mr. Webb is pursuing mineralogical and botanical researches here with some ardour. Lord Porchester is also here, pursuing his inquiries; but whether literary or political, or both, I cannot tell."

Heidelberg, January 16, 1828.

Mr. Wiss, a nephew of the poet Campbell, has lately obtained the authority of government to establish a course of English Lectures in this University. He began by criticisms on Hamlet, and had a numerous audience. It is probably the first time that an attempt has been made in Germany to employ the English tongue for the purposes of public university lectures; and is evidence of the influence of the language and literature of Great Britain among our Teutonic neighbours.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday, in last week, the first evening meeting of this Institution was held, and the assemblage was numerous and distinguished. The rooms were lighted with gas from resin, which was very brilliant. Mr. Brände delivered the lecture, on the important subject of quinine, which he proposes to call *quinia*:—the alterations and changes in chemical names are very puzzling, and we wish some definite general system could be adopted. In conclusion, the lecturer dwelt with justifiable complacency on the progress and prospects of the Institution, which is indeed in a state of prosperity very gratifying to the lovers of science. He alluded also to the death of one of its earliest supporters, Mr. Daniel Moore, who has bequeathed 1000*l.* to it, besides about 6000*l.*, as we are told, to its various officers.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

THE sun's place in the heavens this day (2d inst.) is in the back of Capricornus, and the position of the earth relative to the sun is in the constellation Cancer, 13 deg. west of Regulus in Leo. As the earth proceeds in its course, its inclined axis turns more and more of the northern regions to the sun, a considerable portion of the arctic circle being towards the end of the north in the enlightened hemisphere.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
1 Last Quarter, in Libra	8	7	55
2 New Moon, in Capricornus	14	23	45
3 First Quarter, in Taurus	22	2	35

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	7	22	0
Mars in Scorpio	9	5	13
Mercury in Aquarius	15	16	30
Venus in Pisces	17	6	30
Saturn in Gemini	25	12	15

3 d. 19 h. 15 m.—Mercury in his superior conjunction.

As the beautiful planet Venus recedes from the sun, and advances towards the earth, the breadth and brightness of the disc increase. The proportion of these to each other are, on this day, as follows:—

Illuminated part	10°54'19"
Dark part	1°45'03"

3 d. 12 h.—Mars in conjunction with the bright star in the head of the Scorpion, after which it will hasten to mingle its kindred rays with the red star Antares, or Cor Scorp. Mars is a conspicuous object in the south-east, rising two hours after midnight.

2 d. 15 h. 30 m.—Jupiter in quadrature. This planet is constantly presenting a variety of interesting phenomena, whether we contemplate the eclipses of the satellites, their ever-varying configurations, or the changes that are observable in the belts of the primary. The belts of Jupiter vary both in number and figure; sometimes four dark and two bright ones are observed, that are continuous and parallel, and occasionally the whole disc is covered with small, curved, interrupted lines, which are seen to expand and contract alternately, to unite, and sometimes to separate from each other. In these belts there are frequently seen bright and dark spots, which have an unequal motion of revolution; from whence it is inferred, that these are not permanent on the planet itself, but connected with its atmosphere. During observation, a dark belt on the northern part of the disc has received a sudden augmentation of size, and a southern one became partly extinguished, yet afterwards increasing into a continuous belt. Besides these changes, (which indicate the existence of such powerful agents to which we have nothing analogous on our planet,) there are other peculiarities which throw a mystery about the physical arrangements of Jupiter: the spot from whence his diurnal motion was deduced suddenly disappeared in the year 1708, and was not seen during a period of five years, when it again became visible in the same place, and of the same form as before. From hence it may be supposed that the disappearance was not caused by any convulsion of the planet, but from atmospheric phenomena, most probably influenced by the attraction of the satellites and the swiftness of the planet's rotation, from both of which causes it is generally admitted that the clouds of Jupiter are drawn into belts about him, in strata parallel to his equatorial regions.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	2	17	18	13
	11	13	33	57
	18	15	27	25
Second satellite	25	17	20	54
	10	16	16	26
Third Satellite	3	14	54	52
	10	16	41	56

Saturn passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
7	9	40	13	9	15
19	8	51	35	8	27

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Jan. 26.—On Tuesday last the following degree was conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Nolan, Exeter College.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation).—Rev. C. T. Griffith, Wadham College, Master of Westminster School.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. E. Nolan, Exeter College.

Doctor in Medicine.—G. H. Neve, Magdalene Hall (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin).

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. B. Sowerby, University College; Grand Compounder; H. E. Head, Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, St. Mary Hall; J. N. Walsh, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—D. Smith, W. L. Brown, H. Sanders, R. Seymour, F. E. Page, Students, P. H. Nind, Hon. F. C. Amherst, J. H. Wood, J. Cox; Christ Church; J. G. Griffith, Fellow, St. John's College; F. Maude, H. N. Goddard, G. Leigh, Brasenose College; J. P. Read, Exeter College.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

It is intimated to us, that the lectures for the season at the Russell Institution have just commenced; and that the following are the subjects, the names of the several lecturers, and the order in which they are to be delivered:

1st. On *Elocution*, by B. H. Smart, Esq. Professor; eight lectures.

2d. On *Music*, by Saml. Wesley, Esq., Professor; six lectures.

3d. On *Astronomy*, illustrated by transparent scenery, &c., by John Wallis, Esq.; six lectures.

4th. On *Periodical Literature and Popular Education*, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.; eight lectures.

The first lecture was delivered on Monday evening, by Mr. Smart, whose rhetorical powers are so well known. He commenced the subject (*Elocution*) with a discussion on the connexion of poetry and eloquence; and after arguing, that they derived their effect from the same source, he illustrated the whole by very effective readings from Julius Caesar. Mr. Smart concluded the lecture by reciting a comic piece, which produced a due influence on the risible muscles of his numerous and respectable audience. The Committee of management of this Institution appear to have provided a meritorious intellectual treat for the members.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A SECOND glance at the Gallery enables us to add to our list of the distinguished contributors to its adornment which we gave in our last. Brockedon has a large picture in the high class of art; Lance, an extraordinary display of peacocks, with the daw in borrowed plumes; old Laporte, a Wilson-like landscape; Clater, merry Christmas gambols; Drummond, also familiar life, better than usual; Webster, (a name new to us,) two small subjects, both clever, one of them of great promise in the same line; Partridge, a lady and child, of considerable beauty; Frazer, natural and pleasing; and Lewis and many others, all enriching the collection, and adding to the value and effect of this popular Exhibition of our Native School.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Album *Lithographique de 1828*. A Paris. Engelmann and Co.

The London *Lithographic Album for 1828*.

London. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. It has long been our intention to enter on the subject of lithography more extensively than by offering occasional remarks on the detached specimens which, from time to time, come under our notice. An opportunity is now presented to us, on introducing the rival French and English Lithographic Albums, published by the Paris and London houses of Engelmann and Co., and we gladly avail ourselves of it.

We rejoice, in the first place, to find, that the cause which mainly retarded the progress of lithography in this country, namely, the want of competent printers, no longer exists; and if proof be required, we confidently refer to the *London Lithographic Album*, executed by English artists, and entirely printed in our metropolis. When a drawing, made by the most experienced hand, and in the most careful manner, could in an instant be destroyed by the ignorance or carelessness of a printer, how was it to be expected that artists should risk any finished production with unskilful workmen? If the artist remonstrated with the blundering printer, he was invariably told the fault was his—he had breathed upon the stone—he had touched it—his mode of working was too light to hold; and a thousand similar unfounded reasons were always forthcoming to cover the printer's neglect in having injured or destroyed the drawing, as was generally the case, by an improper use of aqua fortis.

This has caused the popular notion that lithography was inapplicable to subjects where minute execution and careful detail were required; but that such opinion is erroneous, the works before us afford ample proof.

That a prejudice should exist against lithography, even amongst those interested in its advancement, problematical as it may seem, can be easily accounted for. The want of competent printers rendered the art, when employed by publishers, more expensive than copper-plate engraving, and far less satisfactory in every point of view. If an artist undertook the risk of ensuring a publisher 750 impressions of his drawings, it was customary for him to charge from three to four times more than what he ought to have done, because he calculated on having to make each drawing that number of times, in consequence of "printers' accidents," as breaking the stone, or biting out the chalk, were termed. Frequently the artist had to repeat each subject double the number of times he had reckoned on, and was, therefore, an absolute loser by his own arrangement with the publisher to receive four times the value of the work produced. We know of many instances of this nature. The publisher had usually as much reason to complain as the artist, whose reputation was also injured by the damage done to his drawing in printing. The impressions were generally so unequal, that several hundreds were of necessity often taken above the number required, thus increasing the expense considerably beyond what it ought to have been. Yet we have never heard of an instance in which a lithographic printer acknowledged himself ignorant of his art, or honestly confessed himself in fault.

Artists and publishers naturally became not merely dissatisfied, but disgusted, at such conduct; and who, that fairly views the subject, can blame them? It has often surprised us that no legal action has been brought against some of our many blundering lithographic printers for the loss of a drawing or drawings spoiled by their ignorances of the art which they profess. We fancy, any lawyer who understood the case could soon state the matter to the satisfaction of a jury. Certainly, as publishers, we should refuse to account for spoiled impressions—at least beyond a fair proportion.

The settlement of a branch of Messrs. Engelmann's house in London about two years since, however, in some measure produced a change of feeling favourable to lithography. Mr. Coindet, the partner to whom the conduct of the establishment here was intrusted, proceeded

by purchasing from various artists their drawings on the stone. Feeling confidence in being provided with competent printers, he thus took all risk of failure in the printing from the artist; and we are now presented with the result in the *London Lithographic Album*,—a work which, we venture to predict, will advance the reputation of Messrs. Engelmann and Co. as printers, as well as that of their

The French *Album*—a strange misnomer, by the way—contains fourteen prints, of which the best decidedly is *Le Naufrage de Gaze*, by Mansion, on stone by Weber. It is impossible to conceive any thing more simply beautiful than this head, and there is a clearness and calmness in the execution that leave nothing to be wished for. The landscapes, which, in the words of Wordsworth, may say "we are seven," vie with each other in beauty, and we really know not which to prefer—*Vue de la Montagne des Bains à Lucques*, by Robert; *Aqueduc Romain*, by Villeneuve; *Bièvre*, by Bichebois; or *Beaucaire*, by Deroy. The figure subjects are more ambitious, and less happy. Of the three architectural drawings, two are by Schmit. *La Chartreuse*, in the pen-and-ink manner for which that artist is so justly celebrated, is a work of extraordinary power and beauty of execution. *Le Pèlerinage*, by the same, in chalk, is much inferior. The *Vision Romantique*, by Arnout, though carefully executed, appears to us an absurd flutter of lovers' hearts, glass windows, and gravestones. On the whole, as prints—and we have shewn of what importance it is to view lithographic productions as such—we conceive that the artists' drawings have been faithfully transmitted to us; the subjects, taken altogether, are agreeable; and the work an exceedingly pleasing one, either for the drawing-room table or portfolio.

The *London Lithographic Album* we consider decidedly superior to its French rival, although it contains two or three inferior drawings, totally unworthy of the company in which they appear. Having said so much, it is our more satisfactory task to point out the merits of this collection.

The *Lake Windermere*, by William Westall, is, perhaps, one of the most delicate lithographs which this clever artist has ever produced, at the same time that it possesses considerable strength in the foreground. An exquisite harmony pervades the whole of this beautiful scene; and we have seldom seen what painters, we believe, term "aerial perspective" better preserved. There is a clever *View of York*, by Nicholson, which, though less minutely executed, carries with it that noble breadth of effect for which all his works are valuable. *Durham*, by F. Nash, presents, topographically speaking, a good view of the place, under a well-managed effect of light and shade. *Buckingham Palace*, by W. Gauci, is a clever drawing, extremely careful in its details, and microscopically faultless in texture. *A View in the North Aisle of Westminster Abbey*, by Mackenzie, although we understand it is his first work on stone, is equal to any thing that can be wished for in architecture, and may fearlessly stand comparison with the very best continental productions. The remaining ten subjects are figure and portrait. Three of these are by Mr. Lane, who has been recently elected an A.R.A., and with whose talents as a lithographic draftsman the public are well acquainted. His *Le Chapeau Noir*, from a painting by Chalon, contains too much decided black and white to please us, although we are aware that this is a fault not unlikely to render the print in question the

most popular in the collection. We, however, infinitely prefer Mr. Lane's own graceful and luxurious design of an *Eastern Beauty*, or his sterner *Bedouin Arab*. Mr. Childs, the pupil, we understand, of Mr. Lane, has executed, in a manner not unworthy of his master—and this is high praise—two subjects after Corbould, from Lord Byron's *Corsair* and *Giaour*. But to a young artist named Fairland our strongest commendations are due, for his *Droisy Messenger*, after Farrier. This print is worth the price of the whole collection; and we question if, as a print, any thing finer can be produced upon copper.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams.

No. X. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, A. Black.

A WORTHY successor of the Numbers of which we have already spoken with well-deserved praise. Our favourite plate in this Number is "the Promontory of Sunium, from the Sea." It is really wonderful that so powerful and magnificent an effect can be produced within so small a compass. The view of "Cardamona, the ancient Cardamyle," a city as ancient as the days of Homer, is very picturesque and beautiful.

The Duke of York.—Mr. Parker has just published a Medal of his late R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, of the same description with his series of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, and Sir Walter Scott. It is a bold and decided likeness of the deceased prince; and the reverse, a female figure holding a scroll inscribed, "To Great Men." In our impression, the face of this figure is ill struck, or the die imperfect: in either case, care should be taken to remedy the blemish.

It gives us great pleasure to state, that the Emperor of Russia, in a manner equally honourable to the sovereign and to the artist, has presented Mr. Martin with a diamond ring, in token of his approbation of Mr. Martin's engravings. We understand that the two small prints, the "Ascent of Elijah," and the "Temptation in the Wilderness," noticed in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, although only just published, were among Mr. Martin's earliest experiments in engraving on steel.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

By Mrs. Godwin.

Before the discovery of America by Columbus, among many tokens indicative of the existence of another continent, Dr. Robertson mentions the following:—"Canes of an enormous size had been seen floating upon the waves, which resembled those described by Polynesians as productions peculiar to the East Indies. After a course of westward winds, trees torn up by the roots were often driven upon the coasts of the Azores; and at one time the dead bodies of two men with singular features, resembling neither the inhabitants of Europe nor Africa, were cast ashore there."

Ye Dead of an unknown distant land,
What do ye here on our sea-girt strand?
Have the wild waves torn you from your home
In a world like ours, or do ye come
From Ocean's cavern'd bed?

Is the hope of the venturous seaman true,
That points to a far coast's shadowy blue,
O'er pathless seas, whose billows lie
Dark as the shores of futurity?

Awake, and say, ye Dead!

We have seen the tall majestic cane
Borne prostrate on the heaving main;
And trees, up-rent by the western blast,
The rolling tides on our isles have cast,
These shew of verdant bowers.

But ye, though your features bear no trace
Of kindred with our fairer race,
Ye tell us of breathing sentient forms
Haunting those groves o'er the ocean's storms—
Of human griefs like ours.

Awake, awake!—But those dusk forms lay
Cold silent things in the sun's warm ray,
Wound in the coils of their long black hair,
In death's dark, dreamless slumber there ;
Unwitting that strange men o'er them bent
The gaze of inquiring wonderment :
Nor saw they that isle of their exiled graves,
Nor heard they the hoarse assassin waves
Booming along in their sullen pride,
As the deep sea called back her rebellious tide.
Ye are mute—still mute—but ye are here,
Sad tokens of some existent sphere,
Where never bark of our ancient world
Triumphantly her white sails hath furl'd,
Nor seen her pennons stream.

The voices that told in days of yore
Of another clime, a far distant shore—
The light of science that then was viewed
As a phantom lamp, by fools pursued,
Is now no more a dream.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. XI.

Manners, Customs, &c. of the People of the Loire-Inférieure.

WHAT chiefly contributes to maintain the harmony of a family, (says our *ungallant* French writer,) is the universally acknowledged superiority of the male over the female sex. In the churches, the men alone approach the sanctuary, and the women remain in the further part of the building.

Evening Parties.—In the winter, after supper, which is taken at the close of the day, the *veillées*, or evening parties, commence. At this time the different families visit each other, and work together : the men seated on two forms placed on each side of the fire-place, occupy themselves in cutting articles in wood, repairing their agricultural instruments, making baskets, or polishing rods and distaffs for the young girls. The women spin, and with the children, who sit round the hearth, listen attentively to the conversation. If any one of the family can read, he consults the almanack and its predictions, or relates some wonderful stories published by charlatans, or chanters of miracles at fairs. They commonly talk on some subject which is not suggested by what most interests them—agriculture, but by superstition. Hence they learn what particular devotions they are to pay to the saint who watches over and takes care of the bees ; to him who preserves them from hail, or procures rain for them ; to what Calvary in the canton they are to carry an egg boiled hard, a little bread, and a piece of money ; at what fountain they must drink to cure themselves of the fever, or to prevent other diseases ; they also learn what old woman will predict the best luck to them, or where the man lives who cures disorders of the eyes by a consecrated grain of wheat : they farther learn what are the real torments of hell, the sufferings of limbo, the delights of paradise, and how numerous and powerful are the sorcerers. The time of miracles and fairies has not yet passed away from these villages. One of the company, who is now speaking to his attentive auditory, knew a man who sold himself to the devil : he has seen a ghost, and crossed himself to drive it away ; he has carried for two or three miles a hobgoblin who leaped

upon his shoulders ; and, to sum up all, he has lost some of his cattle, because a sorcerer, disguised like a beggar, was refused alms by him, and in resentment bewitched his stable.

Dress.—Every canton offers some variety in the dress of the peasants, which it would be almost endless to enumerate : as the *costume guerandalais* is not worn in any other part of France, we will describe it. The women wear caps, narrow and plaited towards the bottom, with lappets tied under the chin, which afterwards spread over the breast, or fly over the shoulders. They part their hair in the front, and dress it with a flat cord or string. A lace collar, a plaited neckerchief, a white, violet, or red gown, with large sleeves, the stays being laced with four or five rows of riband ; a black or violet-coloured petticoat, edged with velvet ; a silk sash, embroidered with gold or silver flowers, named *livrée* ; and red stockings, with clocks of another colour, and slippers, complete the dress of a female of the little town of Batz.

The men wear very wide breeches, full of puckers or plaits, and two or three white and blue waistcoats, placed one over the other ; in addition to these they have a linen under-waistcoat, and a round hat, with the sides a little turned up.

Blue is the favourite colour : the dress of the women, as in almost all parts of the ancient Basse-Bretagne, is rendered very gay by the intermixture of galloons and ribands embroidered with gold. The women, as well as the men, on festival days, put on short mantles or cloaks, with collars, which very much resemble those worn by the Spaniards and the Bearnese.

Marriages.—In some places, when the husband does not intend to live in his father-in-law's house, he goes on the evening before the wedding, attended by his relations and friends, to ask for the bride's furniture (often her whole dowry), which is carried to his home with much ceremony. The bride is torn from the arms of her mother, and escorted by her companions, after the cart containing her goods, all the while shedding tears ; and it is only by force that she is made to put her foot over the door-sill of her new habitation.

Dancing.—The country folks dance at all the fairs, in the farm-houses, and after the vintage ; in short, wherever the young people meet together, they are sure to have a dance.

The Black Wedding of Bas-Poitou.

In the marshes of Bas-Poitou there still exists a singular custom, which may be traced to the feasts and ceremonies of the Egyptians and other people of the highest antiquity. The country of Bas-Poitou is subject to annual inundations ; and from autumn to spring, the inhabitants can neither leave their houses nor return to them, but in small flat-bottomed boats, which the least gust of wind will upset : these punts, as they may be called, are made of a few planks nailed together, stopped, and pitched, and are much less safe and ingenious in their construction than the justly admired canoes of the savages, hollowed out of the branch of a single tree. Wood is extremely scarce in this part of the country ; and as it is very difficult, and often impossible, to convey it hither, the ingenuity of the inhabitants has been taxed to find a substitute for it in a fuel by which they may keep themselves warm in the winter, and prepare their food throughout the year. From time immemorial, the inhabitants of these marshes have had their peculiar fuel : it consists of the dung of their animals dried and prepared, which supplies the place of wood. During the year, they take care to pile up this

dung in the pastures, and to make heaps of it near their houses. About the time of the feast of St. John, the grand manufacture of this simple fuel takes place, and the event is celebrated with universal rejoicing—with the keeping of what is called the *Black Wedding*. Several families, men, women, children, masters, men-servants, and maid-servants, meet together, in different parts, to make the dung into fuel : they moisten it with water, and employ the oxen to break and tread it ; straw is cut up and mixed with it, to give it a consistency ; they next form it into cakes, and spread it out in the pastures and by the sides of their houses to dry : they afterwards put it up in piles, and burn it in the same manner as turf, and it answers every purpose of that useful fuel. The produce of this black wedding might be supposed to emit a disagreeable odour, and to be otherwise unpleasant to the inhabitants ; but long practice has enabled the women to manage it so skilfully, that with the addition of some small wood and a little straw, a bright good fire is made, without much smoke or smell. The days which are devoted to the preparation of the dung are considered festival days throughout the country. The people occupy themselves with alacrity and cheerfulness in this important manufacture ; and their labour, which is frequently extended to a late hour in the evening, is sweetened by recreation : it is always followed by the song and the dance, and the toils of the day are washed down by copious draughts of wine. The rich people and the great land-holders invite their friends and neighbours to this wedding : it is a season devoted to joy and equality. These meetings and rural fetes are called the black weddings, either on account of the peculiar occupation in which the peasants are engaged, because they put on their dirtiest and worst clothes,—or on account of the rejoicings being carried on in the night. Whatever may be the origin of the name, it is quite as appropriate as that of the *green day* given to feasts held in the spring, at which nothing was eaten that was not peculiar to the season.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday last the inimitable Pasta appeared, for the first time this season, in *Tancredi*. The pit was full before the rising of the curtain, and the boxes exhibited a pretty fair sprinkling of fashion for the time of year. The lady's reception was not so warm as we could have wished ; but the visitors of the King's Theatre are much too well bred to be enthusiastic. The popular recitative and aria, "O Patria," &c. were executed in her most bewitching manner, as were also the two delicious duets with Curioni and Caradori, in the prison scene ; but her great triumph was in the air introduced by her into the third act. She was in capital voice, and her action, as usual, most eloquent and graceful. Caradori, the gentle, romantic Caradori, sang and looked sweeter and lovelier than ever. Curioni does not improve : he was sadly out in the trio which precedes the finale. The quintetto in the first act was better sung than we ever heard it,—for which we are indebted to Pellegrini, who is exceedingly valuable in concerted pieces ; but a most deplorable-looking personage in armour !

Zelmira was revived on Tuesday evening, and Madame Pasta the star of the performance. Curioni was as cold and as delectable as ever. Porto's fine voice is a great advantage to the concerted pieces, and fills the void which was so much felt last season. Brambilla pleased us better than ever she did before, and, as if

inspired by her great mistress, sung and acted with great animation. Pellegrini gave his part correctly; which is far more than can be said for Torri,* who hardly sang two lines in tune the whole evening.

It has been asserted that Pasta is about to repeat all her old characters during the present season. This is not the fact. Several new operas are in preparation, in which she will very shortly appear. We hope Pesarone will join her, and that the idea of Sontag is not abandoned.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday evening, the long-talked-of *Edward the Black Prince*, compounded by "Frederick Reynolds, Esq." from *William Shirley's* tragedy of that name, Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Philaster*, or *Love lies a-Bleeding*, and *Bonduca*,—was produced at this theatre, interspersed with music by Mr. Bishop. Mr. Reynolds is well known as a wag of the first water; and we have no doubt he has had a hearty laugh in his sleeve at the hoax he has succeeded in playing on the manager of Drury Lane, in inducing him to bring forward this extraordinary compound as "an historical play." But his love of fun has really carried him a little too far on this occasion; for, not contented with the success of his trick, he absolutely ventured a hit at it in the second act of his medley, where he makes a groom take the label from the neck of a Tokay bottle, and hang it round that of a bottle of horse-medicine, which he palms off as the imperial beverage on a simple country girl. The allusion was too gross not to be instantly felt by the audience, who gave pretty significant tokens of their application of it, and sympathised deeply with the unfortunate soldier, who, deceived by the title, got a mouthful of the nauseous mixture, in lieu of the delicious draught he had fondly anticipated. As the manager, after sleeping upon it a night or two, will doubtless spare the public a repetition of the dose, we shall say no more about it, except that, from the specimen Mr. Reynolds favoured us with of his composition on Monday night, we suspect him to be the author of the line which appeared in the bill on Tuesday morning—"The historical play of Edward the Black Prince, adapted for representation by Frederick Reynolds, Esq. (!) having been successfully received, will be repeated on Monday evening next." What is meant by a piece being "received successfully?" But, setting aside its unintelligible English, we object to the whole line; as, in our opinion, the play, in its present state, is any thing but adapted for representation. The actors did their best for the piece—the singers their worst.

We eagerly turn from the task of recording failure, to the pleasure of announcing success. A new farce was produced here on Thursday evening called the *Hunted Inn*. It is written by Mr. Peake, the most original and eccentric of modern playwrights. We have neither space nor time to describe the plot, which is not, however, very intricate. Suffice it to say,

* Yet the opera was postponed owing to the illness of some illustrious obscure for whom he became the substitute!

This gentleman must not be confounded with James Shirley, so is to him "Hyperion to a satyr." *Edward the Black Prince* was printed in 1750. It is far from a good play, though not so bad as Mr. Reynolds has made it. *Philaster* is an exquisite comedy, and might itself have made an interesting musical drama. The characters of Euphrosia, called Bellario, (*The Julee* of Mr. Reynolds's concoction,) and *Philaster*, whose language has been put into the mouth of *Ribemont*, are beautifully drawn. The former is supposed to have afforded Shakespeare the hint for his *Fools in Twelfth Night*, which was produced five or six years afterwards.

the farce is full of fun, and was admirably acted by Liston, Jones, Mathews, and Mrs. Orger. A little curtailment in the second act, and the omission of some very venerable puns, will no doubt ensure it a considerable run. We are provoked with Mr. Peake for introducing, as he too frequently does, the stale jokes of other people, as his own are infinitely superior to any he condescends to borrow.

The pantomime at this theatre, we observe, has been prodigiously improved since its commencement. A number of new and laughable tricks have been introduced. The machinery works to admiration; and not only the pantomimic characters, but also the rope-dancers, posture-makers, &c. &c., display such feats as seem indeed to be extra-natural. Old and young sit out these representations; and from being at first one of the most dubious, we may say that *Cook Robin* has been made one of the most popular pieces of its kind.

The first Oratorio for the present season took place at this house on Wednesday, and was well attended. Pasta was in fine voice; and Feron exerted herself to the utmost. Graham gave Luther's hymn most admirably. Miss Love, since she has taken to wear the inexpressibles, appears to try if she cannot render her voice as coarse, unmusical, and as disagreeable, as possible. Of the two débuts we are glad to be able to speak favourably. Miss Atkinson, who has, or rather will have, a good voice, when it is more matured, sung with simplicity and taste; but it is almost a pity she has been brought out so young. At present her organ is not strong enough to fill the theatre. Mr. Martin has also a sweet voice, and gave "Lord, remember David," well. When we have heard him in something besides sacred music, we shall be better able to judge of his capabilities.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE SERF, after four nights' acting, has been laid on the shelf, "in consequence (as the bills state) of Mr. Young's provincial engagements." This seems to us to be a great hardship upon the author, and one of the evils of the *starring* system. Mr. Young's engagements being perfectly well known to the management before the play was brought out, we should like to know why, if the piece were worth producing at all, it should be produced at a time when, however successful, it could only be played four nights? A letter in the *Times* newspaper states, that the play itself is a translation from a German drama, called *Isidor and Olga*.

The comedy announced for representation on Tuesday next, at this theatre, entitled *the Merchant's Wedding, or London Frolics* in 1638, is from the pen of the successful reviver of Rowley's *Woman never West*, and founded principally on another play of that author. It is a sort of "old life in London;" and affords, we have heard, a lively picture of the mad freaks, fashions, and amusements of the "Toms and Jerry's" during the reign of Charles the First.

FRENCH PLAY.—The performances this week have been as varied and as successful as before. In *L'Artiste*, on Monday, we observed that much of the drollery and broad humour about John Bull and Epsom Races, &c., as enacted at Paris, were omitted. This is perhaps a piece of delicacy on the part of the foreign performers; but we think we may assure them that nothing would be better relished, or excite more laughter in London, than the restoration

of this whimsical and good-natured caricature.—We have received a letter, complaining bitterly of the bad French which is daily put forth in the bills of this establishment. We agree with our correspondent, that it is not the thing;

and beg leave to call the attention of Messrs. Cloupe and Pelissié to the circumstance: but while the bills of our own Theatres Royal exhibit such startling contempt for the King's English, grammar, and orthography, we must not be too hard upon our entertaining visitors. "Des loges privées" is certainly an equivocal expression; and the direction, "Que les volontés, en arrivant à la porte du théâtre, et en revenant pour leur compagnie, devront avoir la tête des chevaux tournée vers Catherine-street, &c." any thing but French.

VARIETIES.

Senegal.—The Geographical Society of Paris are in expectation of receiving some very interesting details respecting the Upper Senegal, from M. Prosper Gérardin, who lately returned to Africa. M. Muller, who resided for a long time in Egypt, and who accompanied M. Pacho in his travels in Cyrenaica, is also gone to Senegal, to act as a secretary and an interpreter.

Earthquake.—The shock of an *earthquake* (if such term can properly apply to that *aquatic* city) was experienced at Venice on the 15th of January. The undulations were from south to north-east; the weather tempestuous; and after the shock a remarkable noise was heard in the air.

Mechanics.—A Mr. Cooper, of the state of Vermont, in North America, has invented a machine, reported to be of very extraordinary power, of which he has constructed and exhibited a model. This model is a cylinder, eight inches long, and eight inches in diameter, with a winch, the two extremities of which are attached to a pivot. Four men are able, by its aid, to throw, unceasingly, a column of water, three quarters of an inch in diameter, 120 feet in a horizontal line, and above 90 perpendicularly. It is said that this machine is constructed on an entirely new principle; and that it will soon be generally substituted for common pumps and fire-engines.

Preserving Eggs.—(From a Correspondent.)—Perhaps you were not aware, when you inserted the notice of some experiments on keeping eggs, that thousands are preserved yearly, or, as it is technically called, pickled, by pastry-cooks, &c. The principle upon which they are pickled is, to slack some lime a few days before it is wanted, and when there is no heat left in it, it is fit for use; then put alternate layers of the lime and eggs into a tub, or any thing else, till full: the eggs ought not to touch one another: a little water should be kept on the top, to prevent the lime from becoming too hard.

Madder.—Numerous experiments have recently been made by some French chemists, to ascertain the colouring principles of madder. In a memoir lately addressed by them to the Académie des Sciences, they state that those principles are two,—the one *rouge*, the other *rose*; to which latter they give the name of "purpurin." We avail ourselves of this opportunity to observe, that we have recently seen several preparations of madder, by Mr. Field, of Isleworth, (a gentleman of great chemical knowledge, who has devoted many years to the improvement of colours), which far surpass in beauty and variety of tint, and which are said much to exceed in permanence, any madders hitherto produced.

The Parisian Poor.—Of 21,033 persons who were buried last year at Paris, the funeral expenses of only 4,300 were paid by their families. The remainder were buried by public and private charity. It is calculated that above a fifth of the population of Paris are born, and that about a third die, in hospitals.

Missouri.—Mr. Smith, a trader in furs in Upper Missouri, has discovered a country hitherto unknown, situated to the south-west of the great salt lake, and to the west of the Rocky Mountains.

Amalfi.—Few places have undergone greater vicissitudes than Amalfi, the name of which, however, the invention of the mariner's compass,* and the discovery of the Pandects, will immortalise. Amalfi was founded about six hundred years before Christ. In the first instance it was governed by annual prefects. By degrees its importance and its territory increased with the riches acquired by its inhabitants in commerce. It was erected into a republic, of which an elective duke was the chief, and was placed under the protection of the emperors of the East. Its laws were adopted by all the nations of Italy in their maritime transactions. Its money was as generally circulated in the Levant as piastres now are. Its harbour became the rendezvous of ships of all countries. The republic successfully maintained several wars, especially with the Arabs. In Palestine the Amalians created the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. During the period of their power they conquered the province of Salerno. About a century afterwards they were themselves conquered by Count Robert, who left them a part of their privileges. In 1095, however, they revolted; and in vain did the Norman count, at the head of his troops and of 20,000 Saracens, his allies, lay siege to their town: he was compelled to raise it. The Emperor Lothaire was more successful. Having invaded Italy, he sent a fleet of the Pisans, his allies, with forty-six galleys before Amalfi. The town was taken, and lost at once its wealth and its freedom. It was then that the Pandects, which a merchant of Amalfi had brought from the Levant, were found. The Pisans required only this precious volume as the reward of their enterprise. Lothaire granted it to them, and therefore it was that for three centuries it bore the title of the Pisan Pandects. The republic was a few years after incorporated in the domain of Roger, and from that period its history has been unimportant. The traveller who now sees only two or three fishing-boats, a few scattered and dismal houses, and a small hotel, can scarcely believe that he beholds the Amalfi which was thus described by a Latin poet who wrote about the end of the eleventh century:

"Uris hac diva opum populoque: referta videtur,
Nullus magis locuples, argento, vestibus, auro,
Partibus innumeris: ac plurimis urbs morari
Nauta, maria celiisque via aperte peritus.
Huc et Alexandri diversa feruntur ab urbe
Regis et Antiochii: haec fratre plurima transi:
Hic Arabes, Indi, Siculi noscuntur et Afri:
Hic geni est totum proprie nobilitatis per orbem,
Et mercanda forent, et amans mercata referre,"
Guglielmi appuli histrio: poema de rebus Normanis. lib. iii.

Silk.—At a late meeting of the New York branch of the Linnean Society, Dr. Paschal communicated the introduction and divisions of his work on the growth and culture of silk. His treatise embraces not only the old and natural method of rearing silk-worms, but also the lately improved artificial system, by which the eggs of the silk have been quadrupled. He takes upon himself the solution of a problem,

* Attributed to an Amalfian of the name of Gaetano Gioja.

by proving that the silk-worm is a perfectly electrical insect, and can be managed under this datum without much fear of failure, so as to obtain its valuable produce.—The subject is one of great importance, and we look with interest to the completion and publication of the doctor's treatise; the divisions of which will be as follows: 1. Natural history of the mulberry tree, and its mode of cultivation. 2. Selection of the seeds or eggs of the silk-worm: instructions for hatching the same. 3. Distribution of the insects in boxes or mats, and over litter: of the condition of the nurseries for rearing them. 4. Description of the silk-worm (*Bombyx mori*), its anatomy: physiological observations on its life and functions. 5. Peculiar habits and wants of the silk-worm. 6. Theory on the temperature and purity of the air required for the silk-worm: of the use of artificial heat and fires of faggots or light blaze: the silk-worm an electrical insect. 7. Of its different ages, growth, and moultings. 8. Condition of the nurseries in the last age of the silk-worm: preparation of the brush-wood. 9. Various diseases of the silk-worm requiring strict notice: its mounting or spinning the ball or cocoon. 10. Life and metamorphosis of the bombyx into a chrysalis and phænæma. 11. Of gathering, fleecing, and unwinding the silk cocoons. 12. Life of the phænæma or moth; its laying and fecundating of the eggs: mode of keeping the same.—*Canfield's Lottery Argus.*

Glasgow Piety.—The Northern newspapers teem just now with a grand theological and religious quarrel, which has arisen in the enlightened town of Glasgow respecting a painted window which some heathen Scots architect had taken upon him to insert in a new kirk which he built there. The weavers swear it is an abomination—and the poor architect is likely to meet with a mason's fate—to be stoned. This contention reminds us of the worthy old Christian lady's exclamation against organs—we believe she was from Baillie Nicol Jarvie's quarter—"Heaven help me! (quoth she, on hearing that profane engine in the South), Heaven help me! and maun I live amang a people wha find it necessary to worship the Lord through the means o' machinery?"

Apt Quotation.—A few days since, a gentleman of independent fortune, who had been induced to purchase some Spanish securities, was rallied, in a social party, upon the success of his speculation; but some one observed, that, from his known affluence, if the money was eventually sunk, he would hardly be sensible of the loss: this he acknowledged; and added, "I might appropriate some words used upon a grave and very different occasion, in wishing that all of you who have been amusing yourselves at my expense, 'were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.'"

Irish Wit.—The response to Sir W. Scott in a late Gazette is not perhaps superior to one made, as it is told, to Surgeon Abernethy. In repairing the street in which he resides, it happened, lately, that the paving-stones were accumulated near his door. The doctor, in anger, remonstrated with a paddy-labourer on the occasion; and the following dialogue ensued:—*Dr. A.* Why, the d—l, have you laid your rubbish opposite my door, where so many carriages are daily stopping? *Pat.* Fait, your honour, it must be laid somewhere, till the strait is minded.—*Dr.* It may be so, but it must not be laid there.—*Pat.* Where can I putt it, then, your honour? (with a significant puzzler of a look).—*Dr.* Put it in hell, and be, &c. &c. if you like. *Pat.*

May-be, I'd better put it in heaven, your honour; it would be more out of your honour's way!!!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new Annual, to be entitled the *New Year's Gift*, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, will, we understand, be published by Messrs. Longman, in the course of the present year.

Mr. Ballantyne, in his well-conducted Edinburgh Journal (one authority), that only two, not three, religious discourses, as we were informed (*Literary Gazette*, 277), were written by Sir Walter Scott about two years ago; and he adds, truly, as we were always aware, that they were written "as an act of kindness towards a young friend engaged in theological studies; and without any intention whatever of their appearing before the public in print. Circumstances, however, which are applicable only to the gentleman for whom the discourses were composed, have induced the author to consent to their publication at this time."

Legends of the Lakes are announced by Mr. Crofton Croker.

Among our curiosities in literature, we have received something on the plan of our own, published at Pittsburgh, which but a few years since was a distant desert!

Preparing for publication, a History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal, from the Spanish of Conde, by M. Marles. Translated from the French.

Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, by George Woods, jun., are announced.

Ezard.—The prospectus has been circulated of a French Journal, to be published at Alexandria, and to be called "L'Echo des Pyramides." It seems, however, that some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the pasha's consent to the undertaking.

In the Press.—Plans, Details, Views, &c. of the Great Hall of the Royal Palace of Eltham, measured and delineated by H. Dunning and C. Laver, Architects; with an Essay, Historical and Descriptive.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Coming Out, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, by J. and A. M. Porter, 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 10s. bds.—Reece's Medical Guide, 15th edit. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Tour through the United States and Canada, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Revolt of the Bees, 2d edit., 12mo. 6s. bds.—Mangan's Life of Jean Racine, 12mo. 12s. bds.—Scotch School, 12mo. 1s. bds.—Trees on the Laws of the Customs, 8vo. 10s. bds.—The Parisian Review, 1826-7, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Parliamentary Review, 1826-7, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Mitchell's Dennerologia, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Taylor's Recess of Historical Studies, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Northcote's Fables, crown 8vo. 16s.; large, 11. 6s. bds.; Plates only, India proofs, 17. 11s. 6d.—Berens's Sermons on Sickness, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Sayings and Doings, 3d Series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Angelo's Reminiscences, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Peckington's Chart of the Patriarchs, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Omnipresence of the Deity, by R. Montgomery, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Blaquier's Letters from Greece in 1827, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Craig's Practical Sermons, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January,	Thermometer,	Brometer,
Thursday 24	From 40° to 50°.	30.39 to 30.26
Friday 25	47— 52	30.15 — 30.06
Saturday 26	37— 47	30.11 — 30.25
Sunday 27	40— 53	30.25 — 30.33
Monday 28	30— 41	30.33 — 30.22
Tuesday 29	33— 44	30.15 — 30.12
Wednesday 30	30— 45	30.05 — 29.56

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 29th.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude 0° 3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length to which our first two Reviews of works not yet before the public has led us (and we hope to the gratification of our readers) obliges us to postpone till our next several novelties prepared for this Number:—among which are the very pleasing Tales of the West; the very laughable Punch and Judy; and other subjects of present interest.

We acknowledge the subscription, from Lancashire, of Ten Guineas per annum to the plan for publishing valuable works of ancient Eastern History, which we have handed to Mr. Hutton, the Secretary to the Committee. We take this opportunity of again earnestly recommending this interesting and important undertaking to the patronage of every lover of literature.

We are sorry to negative the claim of *Idalia*.

S. M., though musical, has no precise point to recommend the *Armidale*.

Barbara Wilton is received,—approved: the Fire-works is not remembered as a chosen, or, indeed, at all.

My Album shall be looked for.

We are sadly at a loss about Alpha.

Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by William Brockden.

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